



THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.



Vol. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1918.

No. 10.

*Annual Subscription to THE CROSS, Three Shillings, post free.
Business Letters to be addressed to the Manager, Mt. Argus, Dublin.
Literary Communications to the Editor, at the same address.
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Miscellanea.

THE news of the appointment of Monsignor Hallinan to the See of Limerick has been joyfully received; not only in Limerick itself but throughout Ireland. He is an ecclesiastic whose zeal, charity and patriotism have won for him the admiration and love of those amongst whom he laboured, and the knowledge of his sterling worth has extended far beyond the borders of his native diocese.

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The Right Rev. Monsignor Denis Hallinan, D.D., lately Vicar-General, now Bishop elect of Limerick, was born in County Limerick in 1849. He is not only essentially Irish through and through, he is most decidedly Limerick through and through, having the love of his county as well as his country in his bones. He

has been passed. Of the £384,000 for Irish primary education it is strangely decided to hold over £184,000 to pay future debts, while the remainder will be allocated in such a way as to give principals of large schools additions of £60 to £120 per annum to their yearly salaries of £175 to £220, while varying sums up to £20 increase are given to incomes £60 to £120.

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The "average" barrier is another serious grievance of national teachers. Take one typical example, the case of an industrious, highly-respected teacher of marked efficiency, who wishes to enter second grade. Excellent work is of no use without an average daily attendance of thirty for a certain calendar year. However, he is hopeful. Then cometh gloom! An epidemic breaks forth; a family leaves the locality. Teacher suffers. The teachers claim that too much power is given to Inspectors in awarding increments and promotion. On the inspectors' reports depend the teachers' progress. Uniformity and fair-play should prevail, but it is believed that even the most admirable inspector cannot work uniformly on so many different books, attendances, school years, programmes and the like. Most of the inspectors are men of great ability and kindness and err only when asked to do the impossible. No doubt these grievances are real, and there can be no speedy educational progress till the teacher, the principal factor, is encouraged to give the best of his best. It is not too late to ask Commissioners, inspectors, and teachers to pull together for the good of Ireland; otherwise the public must be roused to remove the persistently disturbing element.

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ARDENT patriot, sweet singer, and enthusiastic supporter of Gaelic revival, as Dora Sigerson-Shorter was, Ireland can ill afford the loss of such devoted services as this daughter of Erin gave to her native land. There was a thrill of poignant sorrow throughout the country at the unexpected death of one in whose heart was treasured undying love of country which found an outlet in those

Ireland's Great Loss.

delightful poetic effusions—the music of a soul burning with the fire of patriotism. Death came before those visions which she had of her country's disenthralment were realised, but her memory and her spirit will long inspire and nerve others to labour and hope that—

The Star of the West may yet rise in its glory
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

Heartfelt sympathy is felt for her venerable father—Dr. George Sigerson—whose intellectual activities in the field of Irish historical lore bring us back to Druidic days, and whose noble pleas for human liberty alike bespeak his strong national impulses as well as his deep sense of justice. Though his loss is truly great, the knowledge that Ireland compassionates him in his hour of sorrow should in some measure assuage the grief of this distinguished Irish savant.

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THE report presented at the meeting of the Irish Women's Patrol Committee, which interests itself in sociological work, pays but a poor tribute to the fair fame of Ireland's capital, and, we feel, conveys a misleading idea of the true moral condition of the city. Fortunately the Commissioner of Police, who was present, immediately disagreed with the statement, as did other members of the Committee think it their just duty to dissent, with the result that the report was amended. It is a pity that the Committee did not indicate the genesis of the evil. Just as there are dark spots on the sun, so also every city has its disfiguring characteristics, and the people of Dublin have been alive and active to the moral dangers that threaten to besmirch the good name of the Irish metropolis. A crusade has been waged against imported suggestive literature, bad plays, and a moral code alien to the clean-thinking Irish people, with only partial results. We believe there would be very little work for the women patrols if it were possible to exclude the flotsam and jetsam of humanity that is cast upon our shores, bringing moral contagion, and a line of conduct totally at variance with the traditions of the Irish people.

Dublin's Fair Fame.

AN Irish lady complains of her difficulties in securing a copy of the Centenary Edition of the Essays of Davis (Dundalgan Press) which contains the most complete collection of the permanent prose of this great Irish writer. She visited ten booksellers' establishments in Dublin only to suffer disappointment, but her search was rewarded in the eleventh shop! Davis wrote a poem called the "West's Asleep," but the supposed somnolency of which the poet sang might well be applied to those who should take an interest in the sale of his soul-stirring essays. While there is talk of shortage in various commodities in this country, there seems to be one species of pabulum, the supply of which never fails, and that is the literary output from across the Channel. We have no objection to good, sound, entertaining reading, no matter from what source it emanates, but when the tares of silly, suggestive romance are allowed to choke or displace national or Catholic publications in some of our bookshops then there is legitimate reason to fault-find and condemn.

For the Circumcision.

A star is risen, stronger than the sun,
 Since Mary's Boy be born—
 We sang erewhile;
 But ah! how soon that brightness be undone,
 That tender body torn;
 And He,
 Who turns Him to her breast
 To hide, and find Him rest,
 Foretastes the tree;
 While these, who erst did smile,
 Now grieve, the cherubim,
 Gazing upon each unbruised limb
 Which yet must broken be:

an pilibin.

Newman's Influence on the Catholic Revival.

By URBAN YOUNG, C.P.

"LITTLEMORE, October 8th, 1845.—I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. . . . He is a simple holy man; and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intentions; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ . . ."

Forty-four years of John Henry Newman's life had passed away before that fateful October day in 1845. If it took forty-four years for the clouds of error and prejudice to clear away from the spiritual vision of a Newman, how long will the conversion take of a whole nation, and one, too, almost entirely alienated from faith and the supernatural? Will England ever again be Catholic? "Mary's Dower" was her title in the brave days of old: will that title ever again be dear and cherished with the majority of her sons?

These are debateable questions. But one thing is certain, that the nineteenth century saw, in England, the rise of a movement in the religious world which has brought thousands of souls into the bosom of the Church, from which their forefathers were rudely torn three centuries ago. And, though other men and other forces aided, that movement in its ideas and aims was incarnate above all in the august figure of Newman.

Apart from the other leaders, what was his influence precisely on the Catholic Revival in England? A volume would be required to answer fully the question; here it is only proposed to jot down a few impressions in vaguest outline of a great and absorbing subject.

First, then, let us remind ourselves that Newman's place in the domain of religious thought is by no means a fixed one, as yet. Where shall we seek and find the

real Newman? He was a master of English prose and we bracket him with Ruskin and R. L. Stevenson, but he was in himself the very antipodes of the "literary man." Literary gifts in general and a style of the very first order were to him a sheath—and nothing more—in which lay hid the rapier blade of his penetrating thought. He possessed his style, but was not possessed by it. Again, he was not a "theologian" in the strict sense. Yet, the author of the "Essay on the Development of Doctrine," "Lectures on Justification," "Essays on Miracles," the "Arians of the Fourth Century," and the translator of St. Altanasius' "Orations," gave valuable contributions to the queen of sciences. As a philosopher he has enriched us with the "Grammar of Assent," yet both at the time of its publication and since, Newman's theories have been subjected to bitter attack within and without the Church. In the realm of controversy we have the brilliant "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics," and on "Anglican Difficulties," not forgetting his answer to Pusey's "Eirenicon" and his reply to Gladstone on the Vatican Decrees—but Newman was always averse, really, to controversy and unwilling to engage in it. Again, he is not called a "great poet," but the "Dream of Gerontius" is immortal, and every schoolboy can quote you a line or two of "Lead, Kindly Light." Viewed as a leader of Catholic thought and life after '45: while many idolized him, by others he was positively distrusted and labelled as dangerous until Rome clothed him finally in the purple of her Princes. At Oxford, from 1832 onward, he was the acknowledged leader of the Catholic party. "Newmanism," as it was called, was a kind of religion. Later on, Carlyle had the effrontery to say that "he (Newman) had the brains of a rabbit," but when the great leader "went over" to Rome, "The Church of England," wrote W. E. Gladstone, "received a blow from which she still reels. . . ." "It was," said Principal Shairp, "as if to one kneeling in some vast cathedral, the great bell, tolling above, had suddenly gone still."

Newman, then, eludes final analysis by his many-sidedness, but some—and those the most important—aspects of his influence are, certainly, clear. . . . His

was, above all, a personal influence. Perhaps there was something too aloof about him to allow one to describe him as lovable. Yet he fascinated those who knew him in life, and "Newmanism" will never die as long as readers are found for the goodly array of well-nigh forty volumes in which his spirit lives for ever. There is something magnetic about the student of Oriel, the hermit of Littlemore, the recluse of Edgbaston. Men, poles apart from him in religion, to whom "Rome" was an abomination, loved and venerated the man, one of the greatest of England's Cardinals and Oxford's sons:—

"And there, O memory more sweet than all!

Lived he whose eyes keep yet our passing light
Whose crystal lips Athenian speech recall;

Who wears Rome's purple with least pride, most
right."

It was Newman who made the "Movement." During the closing years of the eighteenth century there were to be found all over England émigrés priests, refugees from the storm of Revolution in France. Harbingers of the dawn, they brought the light of Catholic faith into many an English heart, but it was at Oxford that the Catholic "idea" took firmest root. There it was fostered to blossom and ripened to fruit by the devoted few of whom Newman was the acknowledged chief. What is it that moves the world? Not ideas only, nor events, but men. To the vast mass of Englishmen in the first half of the nineteenth century the bare idea of Catholicism was simply unthinkable. To the "man in the street" of those days the Catholics were an obscure and mysterious sect—the members of which were rarely seen and more rarely heard—in a word, an entirely negligible body in the national life. This was true from the beginning of the century until 1850: and if, after 1850 and the restored Hierarchy Catholicism entered upon a new and vigorous lease of life in England—to whom, under God, must we attribute the great change? To Newman, undoubtedly, and not to Keble nor Pusey nor any other of the Tractarian party. Powerful helpers they were—and powerful, too, among the Catholics themselves was the influence of such a figure as the cosmopolitan Wiseman, and, later, that of Manning, strenuous and ardent

champion of the church—but it was Newman who, so to speak, really acclimatized the Catholic idea on the soil of English hearts. As has been well said by a present-day Catholic writer: "You want the Man who, fired by the Idea, shall do the Thing." And Newman was the Man. We are struck by the width of his appeal. Testimonies to his power and influence flow in on every side. Mark Pattison, Dean Church, S. A. Froude, Principal Shairp, pay their tribute to him. Nor were his life-long friends all churchmen, thinkers, and men of abstract thought and secluded life. Mere intellect was no passport to the sanctuary of Newman's friendship. At Littlemore he gathered round him, not a community of geniuses, but of earnest devout men, none of whom were anywhere near him in attainments. M. Thureau-Dangin in his study, "*La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre*," brings out clearly the wide range of Newman's power. He quotes one convert clergyman as saying: "I read Newman continually, and I never laid him down without feeling myself shaken." He tells of Kegan Paul, the well-known publisher, and his statement: "Newman—studied, day by day—penetrated deep into my soul and changed it entirely." And, after Newman's death, Kegan Paul wrote an article in the "*New Review*" in which he goes so far as to say, "There has not been a single intellectual conversion in England or in America . . . in which he has not had his share. And when the converts flew like doves to the windows, it was his hand that opened to them." Truly "*Cor ad cor loquitur*."

(To be continued.)



Custos, Quid de Nocte?

Far up against the wan white sky outstands
The writhen tracery of lofty elms,
Network of branchery upsoaring from
The ebon undergloom of Radbrook dene.
To west the fields lean upward, white with rime,
Wherever pulses the red afterglow,
Then, like a spent fire, fitful sinks away,
The while o'erhead a rosy flush invades
The drifted feather clouds. Far-off a thrush
Has hymned the coming sunstead, that shall bring
The springtime in its train.

A haunt of peace;

Life in its immemorial courses set;
The purity of silent trees and skies.

And one who gazes with me comes but now
From Macedonian valleys rife with death,
And loud with musketry and whistling shells,
And desolate with broken frames of men,
A nation crush'd to pleasure Antichrist.

Backward and forward ranging hopes and fears
And linked memories go to and fro
Between two epochs of man's history;

Here war incredible, peace there undream'd.
'Twixt Macedon and Shropshire lies a world
Charr'd like a miser's slagheap, soak'd with blood,
Whereover howl and ravage every way
The furies of the pit, made fearfuller
By those devices wherein set their trust
The men who cried: "God is not, careth not
For humankind, sufficient to itself."

And far-off stirs a threatening undertone
Of heaving cities, full of landless men,
Who chafe against the reign of usury,
And o'er against them, banded, resolute,
The few who hold the keys of wealth and power.
An unseen peril haunts these quiet fields,
The seeming-peaceful land around us now,
The menace of the absent Rood.

Ah! God,

Shall not the mourning nations at the last,
That wander shepherdless and homeless now,
Lift up their eyes unto the healing Sign,
Crowning the city set upon a hill—
That looms before them and they see it not?

H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

The Answered Prayer.

By ELEANOR F. KELLY.

I.

THE loud booming of the great guns and the incessant rattle of musketry told that the battle was yet at its fiercest, and as Patrick Joseph Dempsey lay helpless on the ground suffering intolerable agony from his gaping wounds he realised that it was almost impossible that succour could reach him for some hours longer, and despair chilled his heart. That his life was ebbing fast away he knew, for the blood was flowing from his severed arteries and his strength was going slowly but surely with it. Oh! for some kind hand to bind his crushed and tortured limbs or to give him even a drop of water to quench his burning thirst. He raised himself a little and looked around, but the sight which met his eyes seemed to pierce his heart as with the thrust of a bayonet, and he fell back and groaned aloud. Scattered about were the mangled and mutilated forms of his comrades-in-arms, still in the sleep of death—all except one, and he, too, seemed as rigid as if life had fled but for a faint occasional movement of his wan lips. He was in the Irishman's line of vision, and as his eyes rested on him he recognised in him one of the officers of his regiment who had shown himself the bravest of the brave on that terrible day, and who had again and again led on his men where the fight was fiercest and the bullets flew thickest. And yet he always seemed strangely calm. His was a different type of face to any which he had ever before seen in a soldier, and in marked contrast to those with which he was familiar in the regiment to which they both belonged, and which was that of the French Foreign Legion.

In his early youth Patrick Joseph had been rather wild, and longing to see something of the world had run away from home. Soon, however, he saw too much of it, and after a series of reckless adventures which had left him with quite empty pockets, and, worse still, with his religion almost forgotten, he joined the famous French regiment. The wounded officer on whom his fast dimming eyes now fell had only joined it recently, and though the young Irishman felt strongly interested in him he knew little or nothing of him, for immediately on his advent they had been ordered to the firing line, and in the terribly strenuous days which followed he had found no opportunity of making acquaintance with him.

For a space of time, which seemed the length of centuries, Patrick Joseph lay waiting in indescribable agony, then with a supreme effort he raised his head again and looked around. Everything was just as before, except that the faces of his dead

comrades had grown whiter, and that there were gorgeous colours in the sky which told him that it was set of sun. Ah! That reminded him! Always at sunset he was accustomed to say three Hail Marys. What the origin of this custom was he had long forgotten, but he had never neglected it. He always said the three Hail Marys more from force of habit than from anything else. He said them now. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, he remembered how the practice had begun. Ah! He was remembering a great many things now which had been long effaced from his memory. His whole life from his earliest childhood was passing before his mental vision in one long panorama. Surely Death must be coming, for he had often heard that this resurrection of forgotten memories was one of its accompaniments. He felt appalled, for though he had neglected to practise his religion he had not lost his Faith, and the Judgment to come terrified him, for his awakened memory had revealed to him many grievous transgressions of God's laws.

He longed now, with an ardour with which he had never before desired anything, to see a priest. But it seemed an utterly hopeless longing. However, through his despondency there flashed one ray of light and that came from his practice of saying the three Hail Marys at set of sun. True, he had said them for many years through mere force of habit, yet in the intention with which he had begun the custom lay his faint ray of hope.

It was passing strange how vividly the past had all come back to him now. And how distinctly he remembered the day when he had first begun to say those three Hail Marys at sunset. He saw himself, a little fellow of eleven, seated in a sheltered corner of the old-fashioned garden at home on a hot Sunday in May with a yellow-backed novel in his hand, which had been lent him by a school companion. This school companion did not by any means enjoy the best reputation among the boys. In fact the teacher had very often been heard to reprimand him for reading trashy novels during hours which should have been devoted to study and for many other faults as well. But he had much influence over Patrick Joseph, who greatly admired his reckless character, and soon he infected the boy with his own taste for bad books, and surreptitiously lent him many of the shilling shockers over which he had wasted his own time. It was one of these books Patrick Joseph was reading now, hidden away in a corner sheltered from view by some lilac trees, when his mother, who was a good woman and kept a vigilant eye on all her children, suspecting that something was wrong, came on the scene. Her eye fell on that "yellow-back" before he had had time to hide it away. She took it from him and glanced through it, but no sooner had she finished her examination of it than she exclaimed:—

"My dear boy, wherever did you get this filthy thing? You mustn't read another word of it. It is enough to ruin your mind and your soul. If you give your body bad food you know

that it will become unhealthy and it is exactly the same with your mind. You are simply feeding it with poison in reading a book like this."

"I'm not going to read the 'Lives of the Saints,' then. I must have something amusing," exclaimed Patrick Joseph, who strongly resented having the novel taken away from him, for he had just come to a very interesting part of it when sensational developments might be expected.

"My dear boy, I don't want you to read the 'Lives of the Saints' if you don't wish to, but I must insist on your not reading bad books. It is my duty to do so. They are enough to ruin you not only in time but in eternity. There are plenty of books which are interesting and amusing without being bad. I shall try and find you one now, but I must insist on taking this away."

Mrs. Dempsey returned to the house with the yellow-backed novel under her arm, but returned in a few minutes carrying a book with a bright crimson cover on which was printed in gold letters the title, "Tales of the French Revolution."

"Now," said she, handing it to him, "here is a book which is sensational enough without being bad, and besides, the stories have the merit of being true. Moreover, it gives you vivid pictures of one of the stormiest and most interesting periods in history. Many of the characters are historical. I cannot understand a boy mispending his time and poisoning his mind with a filthy novel like the one I took away from you, while he can easily find good books that are at the very least quite as interesting."

Patrick Joseph took the book which his mother had brought him, but the next moment he laid it sullenly on the seat beside him, saying:

"I'll not promise to read it then."

He felt intensely resentful about the "yellow-back."

"Just as you please," answered his parent; "but you certainly shall not have the filthy trash I took away from you."

"And mind," she added, giving him a look which rather awed him, "never let me see such a book in your hand again, or fear the consequences."

II.

For some time after his parent had gone Patrick Joseph lay back in his seat in sullen mood and tried to disregard the book which his mother had brought him, but ere long it began to look attractive and eventually he could not resist the impulse to take it up and turn over its pages. Soon he was deep in its perusal, and the expression of his countenance showed that he found it of absorbing interest. For hours he sat there reading story after story with the greatest relish, and one of them in particular made a deep impression on him and probably influenced his eternal destiny.

It was about an old man who lived in those terrible days when to be a priest meant certain death, and when so many perished,

fallen beneath the guillotine, that there were few left to minister to the wants of the faithful. For many years this old man had been accustomed to say three Hail Marys every evening at sunset in honour of St. Joseph as patron of a happy death, to beg of him that when his life's sun, too, was setting he might have God's priest by his bedside to give him the last Sacraments to help him on the terrible passage through the gates of death. But the curé of the parish to which he belonged, and which lay in a sequestered countryside, had been shot by the fierce soldiers of the Republic and no one had come to take his place, for priests were few, and all risked certain death if discovered. However, the old peasant never neglected his three Hail Marys. But his last sickness came, death was merely a question of hours, and yet he had no tidings of a priest, nor did any of his neighbours know of the whereabouts of one. He did not, however, abandon hope. In fact, the more his life waned the stronger his hope grew.

"What time of day is it, Jacques?" said he to his son, who was attending him.

"The sun is about to set, father," he answered.

"Ah," said the old man, his eye brightening; "take me to the door, I should like to see it set before I die."

His son did as requested, but a stranger descending the hill, behind which the sun was about to set, seemed to have far more interest for the old man than the gorgeous colours of the sky.

"Is he a priest, Jacques?" he queried, indicating the stranger, who was fast approaching.

"No, father," answered the son. "He seems just a workman."

But the stranger was a priest in disguise, and it transpired that he had been turned out of his proper route by all kinds of strange and unexpected obstacles, and finally an irresistible impulse had led him to the old man's cottage.

St. Joseph had not forgotten his client.

The story made a great impression on Patrick Joseph's mind, and he resolved to say, like the old peasant, three Hail Marys at sunset from that forth.

For a long time he said them devoutly; then came his wild life and his neglect of his religion, and though he still said the three Hail Marys it was in mere compliance with a custom the origin of which he had quite forgotten. How distinctly he remembered it now, and how vividly the scene in the old-fashioned garden at home, on that May Sunday, came before his mental vision.

He said the three Hail Marys now, and he said them aloud, thinking there was no one to hear. Then with the utmost fervour he ejaculated: "St. Joseph, do send me a priest!"

The next instant he saw a figure tottering towards him. It was that of the wounded soldier whose calm face had interested him so strongly.

"I am a priest," said he, in a tone of voice which told of intense suffering, yet mastered in his solicitude for others. "You know many of us are now fighting in defence of our country."

Patrick Joseph understood now why he was so different from the others, and with a heart-thrill he realized too that St. Joseph had made his own the question of his eternal salvation. How he blessed his mother's memory for her care of his reading on that May Sunday of long ago.

St. Francis de Sales; the Gentle Saint.

By LOUISE M. STACKPOOLE KENNY.

ON a glorious afternoon in Autumn I visited the old Chateau de Sales, near Thorens, in Savoy, and was privileged to ask the intercession of St. Francis de Sales in the very room in which he was born on August 21, 1567.

Francis studied at the College of La Roche and Annecy, and later on went to Paris, finishing his course at the University of Padua, where he received the diploma of doctorate from Panciola in 1592. On the 24th November, 1592, he was admitted as an advocate to the Senate of Savoy.

I have frequently heard lawyers complain that they have no patron saint. Why not place themselves under the protection of St. Francis de Sales, who was a lawyer before he became a priest?

His father, M. de Boisy, strongly opposed his son's purpose of renouncing worldly honours, earthly glory, and devoting himself heart and soul to the service of God. When things were at their darkest and Francis was almost in despair, his affectionate heart torn between the duty he owed to his parents and the duty he owed God, a way was found to conciliate the father and enable the son to follow unopposed his sublime vocation.

The Provost of the Chapter of Geneva died and the office was given to Francis. He devoted himself with untiring energy to the arduous work of the sacred ministry—preaching, hearing confessions, visiting the poor and suffering, and in 1594 volunteered to evangelize the Chablais. His offer was accepted, and with his cousin, Louis de Sales, he set out on this difficult mission. He may well be called the Apostle of the Chablais, for during the few years he laboured there he and his brother priests received about seventy-two thousand people into the Church. In 1599 Claude de Granier, Bishop of Geneva, chose

Francis as his coadjutor, in spite of the saint's refusal, and sent him to Rome. On the death of this holy prelate Francis was elected his successor and was consecrated Prince-Bishop of Geneva in the grey old church of Thorens. In that same church on August 22, 1567, he had received Holy Baptism.

Francis had prepared himself for the event of his consecration by a long retreat made at his own home, and he spent a few more days at the Chateau before going to Annecy to take possession of his See. His entry into the beautiful town on the lovely Lake of Annecy was a triumphal one. It was on a Saturday, for Francis wished to begin his new life on the day devoted to Our Blessed Lady. So as towards evening he entered his new home we can fancy how fervently he would give himself up to prayer and contemplation, letting his soul rest in the loving hearts of Our Saviour and His Holy Mother.

Two years later, while preaching the Lenten Sermons at Dijon, he noticed a lady who, while listening to his words with the greatest attention, earnestly studied his appearance. She was dressed in deep mourning and had a calm, pale face and a somewhat austere expression. He immediately recognised her as the widow whom he had seen in a vision a few months previously when God had revealed to him that they would be the founders of a new religious Order. Desirous to know whom she was, he asked one of his friends, Andre Fremiot. "She is my sister, Madame de Chantal," he replied. The Bishop invited them to dine with him, and from their first meeting these holy souls understood each other, for St. Jeanne de Chantal also had had a vision about a year previously in which she had seen St. Francis de Sales, and God had made known to her that the saintly prelate would be her spiritual guide. She had, however, to wait for six long years before she entered under his guidance on the life for which God had destined her. The world has gained by this long probation, for it was during these years he wrote her most of those beautiful letters—the letters that suit the needs of every soul, from the perusal of which the most different characters draw support and guidance.

The time, however, at last arrived when Jeanne Francoise de Chantal bade farewell to her children, settled her affairs, and was free to enter the cloister. In June, 1610, Francis de Sales brought this dear spiritual daughter, her two friends Mademoiselle de Brechard, and Mademoiselle Favre and her pious lay sister Anne Jacqueline Coste to the little house in Annecy called the "Berceau de la Visitation." It is an ugly building, situated half way up a steep hill, but doubtless to the four favoured servants of God it looked like a peaceful resting place on the way to Paradise. What a glorious day it must have been when the saintly Bishop installed them in their new home. Surely Heaven smiled on the four souls, entering so courageously on their new life of prayer and sacrifice.

"Voici mes soeurs, le lieu de nos délices et de notre repos," cried Jeanne de Chantal, and then they knelt before the altar

while Francis de Sales repeated three times the Gloria Patri, and in a fervent exhortation begged God's blessing upon their enterprise.

Before giving them a definite rule, he often visited them and explained to them his intentions. "I wish you to lead the life of Mary and Martha," he frequently told them, "to join works of charity to contemplation, not to remain cloistered but to go forth into the lanes and alleys to tend the sick, to help the poor, to pray beside the dying. United thus the active and contemplative will help instead of interfering with each other. While the Sisters work out their own sanctification they will help their neighbours to lead holier lives by their example, and by giving temporal and spiritual assistance."

But the prejudices of the age were too powerful; Francis could not conquer them. On the 30th October, 1612, the Nuns of the Visitation, then numbering eight professed Sisters and eight Novices, removed to a larger house in the town, and it was there that Francis de Sales announced to Jeanne de Chantal his renunciation of his original design. "I am called the Founder of the Visitation," he said, with his whimsical, disarming smile. "Is there anything less reasonable? I have done what I did not wish to do, and what I wished to do I have left undone."

The closing years of the life of the Saint were as strenuous as the earlier ones. As he had toiled and striven, travelled and worked in his youth through the Winter's cold and the Summer's heat in the Chablais, so in his maturity he went forth into the cities and towns, the highways and byways, preaching the Word of God, consecrating his whole life to the service of those who sought his help.

During these years he wrote the beautiful ever helpful "Introduction to the Devout Life," the wonderful "Treatise on the Love of God," and many other books, to say nothing of innumerable letters. He preached the Lenten Discourses at Dijon, at Grenoble, at Chambéry, and in Paris. In that city, in 1619, he met St. Vincent de Paul; as well as many other distinguished people. His friends, backed by the King, Henry the Fourth, endeavoured to persuade him to remain in Paris, offering him the Abbey of Ste Genevieve and the coadjutor-bishopric, but he resolutely refused and insisted on returning to Annecy.

During his last illness the saint endured a veritable martyrdom, the doctors endeavouring by the most drastic means to rouse him from the stupor into which he was falling, but although he felt great agony, yet, constant to his invariable rule of never asking for anything, never refusing anything, he let them do as they would with him, and never rebelled against their painful remedies. He received Extreme Unction, but was unable to receive the Viaticum. As long as he could speak he chanted the Psalms, and in the midst of untold suffering he intoned the "Te Deum." He grew gradually weaker. A priest asked him

if he feared to be vanquished in the last combat. He smiled with his usual sweet serenity and said slowly and with infinite tenderness: "My eyes are ever towards the Lord, for He shall pluck my feet from the snare." Turning to one of his friends he gently pressed his hand, saying "It is towards evening and the day is now far spent."

His last word on earth was the holy name of Jesus, and his precious death occurred on the feast of the Holy Innocents, 1622, in the fifty-sixth year of his age and twentieth of his episcopate. His body was removed to Annecy and confided to the care of the Visitation Nuns. He was beatified in 1661, canonized by Pope Alexander VII. in 1665, and proclaimed Doctor of the Universal Church by Pope Pius IX. in 1877—his special title is Doctor of Devotion.

Prophetae Praedicaverunt.

I.

A humble beast,
An aged man—

And Nazareth lies far behind,
Mother spotless! Undeiled!
Virgin, who is great with child!
Mystery whispers in the wind.

II.

A weary road—
A Precious Load!

Bethlehem's town is further still,
Can the weary beast keep on
Through the night-slush till the dawn?
Dark is the way and winter's chill.

III.

In village gloom
There is no room—

The hearts of men are cold as snow,
Foxes holes have; birds a nest,
Where their offspring may find rest,
When storms across the mountains blow.

IV.

A lowly bed
In manger spread,

Calvary's beds are made of wood.
Round an Infant on the straw,
Man and maiden kneel with awe,
And ox and ass beside them stood.

V.

A glory flash!
A music crash!

Jehovah's self is surely nigh.
Seraph hosts, and cherub throng,
Clash and clang in jub'ous song,
Let glory be to God on high.

VI.

And all the night
In splendour bright,
Golgotha's gloom is far away.
Shepherds watching on the hills
Glimpse the joy that Heaven thrills,
Through all the long eternal day.

VII.

Oh Mary meek,
And Joseph mild,
Th' Eternal Hills are far away.
Ask, obtain us strength and grace,
Close to Jesus—any place—
Beth'hem, Nazareth, Calvary.

JOHN M. CLARKE, C.C.

In the Days of the Wild Geese.

A Tale of Sarsfield's Times.

By GREGORY BARR, Author of "Retribution," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RAPPAREES.

THE evening meal would not be touched until the Captain returned.

When the sun was descending towards the west end of the Range, a bugle call awoke the echoes, and Sir Fergus saw descending the mountain a man whom he instinctively recognised as the Rapparee Chief. Of immense stature, with black locks waving in profusion over a massive brow, large piercing black eyes and well-moulded features of Roman outline, he looked a man well fitted to command this wild guerilla band, most of whom had been driven by tyranny to the life of an outlaw.

Sean hastened to tell him who the guest was and begged that he should be allowed to join in any enterprise undertaken by the gentleman.

"He saved my life once, that he did, Captain, and my old mother prays daily that she may see him before she dies!"

"'Tis well: we Rapparees never pardon an injury nor forget a benefit. I'll remember your request."

Sir Fergus was struck by the calm dignity with which the outlaw Captain welcomed him.

"What a fine Cavalry leader he would make!" thought the Baronet.

"You must be hungry after your long journey; if you come to my tent I shall have refreshment brought to you whilst my people take their supper."

Sir Fergus had no wish to lose the charm of this romantic scene by eating alone in a stuffy tent, so he requested permission to partake of the general meal. To this O'Hogan willingly consented.

In a few minutes the people were seated in an orderly manner on the grass; the older men near the Chief, the women and children in another group.

The sky was a blaze of crimson with deep blue patches resembling lakes. The contents of the huge cauldrons were quickly served and proved most appetising—fowls, hares, bacon, potatoes and onions had been cooked together.

Sir Fergus was surprised at the temperance of the men; though usquebaugh was served, many refused it—the Chief contenting himself with water, whilst providing good wine for his guest. Sir Fergus would not touch it unless his host also partook of it.

"Well, I shall drink your health, it is seldom I have such an honoured guest. Usually I only drink water or goat's milk, I require a cool head to govern these lads." This was said in a low tone.

When the repast was ended the games began with wrestling in which all the men excelled. Then followed some really fine singing. Sean was the best male singer. When the applause following his song had ended, there was a general call for "Maureen, Maureen." A pretty girl came forward; she had beautiful soft hazel eyes, fair skin and dark hair. She and Sean exchanged glances.

"Will you sing with me?" she asked blushing. He complied with such evident pleasure that Sir Fergus guessed the truth.

"Yes, they are engaged," was O'Hogan's reply to the unspoken question. She had a voice of unusual beauty. Over and over again she and Sean had to respond to the calls.

Then the dancing began, Sean and his colleen leading it.

After this had continued for some time, O'Hogan suggested to Sir Fergus to retire that they might confer together. They walked round the slope of the beautiful mountain whilst Sir

Fergus unfolded his plan for preserving the inheritance of the O'Driscoll to his heirs. O'Hogan's manner and appearance inspired such confidence that the other showed him the deed of gift of the estate to himself.

A flash of suspicion crossed the outlaw's mind. Was this a clever plan to circumvent the rightful heirs? He looked keenly at his companion. Reassured by the scrutiny, he promised his aid. Ways and means were discussed; then they returned to the camp.

Sean came up, saluted and said: "The Vanithee wants to see your honour." A fine old woman came forward; though bent with age her intellect was unimpaired.

"Dia is Muire dhuit" (God and Mary be with you), avic. I prayed on my knees every day that my old eyes would see you before I die; you sent me back my fine boy though the sougaun was ready for his neck. May all your wishes prosper. May the Heavens be your bed. And may no blight ever touch you or yours, avourneen machree! and the old woman covered his hand with kisses. Sir Fergus was deeply affected.

Anxious to start early next day on his homeward journey, he now accepted the offer of a tent. They prepared a bed of dried heather covered with a wolf's skin, and on this soft couch he slept soundly.

The sun had scarcely lighted the eastern peaks when the camp was astir.

After Sir Fergus had partaken of a simple but abundant breakfast, O'Hogan was announced. He brought word that Sean was prepared to conduct his guest through the mountain passes as soon as the latter wished.

"Let us start at once," said the Baronet. "Every moment counts."

Drawing a well-filled purse from his pocket he added: "I will not insult my host by offering him this purse for himself, but his men"—

"Accept nothing from guests; even thieves have their code of honour," replied the Rapparee with dignity.

Sir John put out his hand—"At least you will accept this shake."

"As my hand has never been stained by blood, I gratefully accept your offer," replied the other.

Having crossed the mountains, Sir John and Murtagh parted with Sean, Murtagh declaring that he could find the short way to Killarney without further assistance.

They arrived at Torc Fort before sundown. Sir Fergus bade Murtagh take some refreshment, get some hours' sleep and be ready to start before daybreak, carrying a basket of provisions and a letter for the little cottage on Mangerton.

"Faix, yer honour, I'm havin' a lively time of it intirely," grinned the willing henchman on learning that he was to remain on the mountain instead of Darby, whom Sir Fergus required.

He found Darby fishing in the little lake.

"Arrah! how's every bit o' ye?" cried the latter. "Sure it's good for sore eyes to see any wan. What wid the missus ullagonin—an' the young gintlemen tryin' to break their necks—it's a tryin' time I'm havin' intirely."

Madame O'Driscoll hearing voices came out of the little hut. Murtagh, pulling his forelock respectfully, handed her the letter and told her that he was to stay with her instead of Darby whom Sir Fergus required at once.

"Sorrah bit o' m'll go 'til I cook them trout for the missus," interrupted Darby, "an' mebbe I'd give wan to yerself if ye deserve it."

"Be quick thin about it, for ye must be wid' the master afore night," replied Murtagh.

Darby arrived in good time at Torc Fort and was mightily tickled when he heard what service was required of him.

"Did any wan iver hear the likes? for me to be play-actin' at this time o' me life," he chuckled.

Major Krag had taken up his abode in Castle Mor. He found the surrounding country deserted and began to regret that he had not seized a castle in a more social neighbourhood. He could not even succeed in finding the wine-vaults and so was forced to content himself with the burning drink called "Usquebagh." This did not improve his temper.

On the night following Darby's return to "Torc Fort," the gallant Major retired to rest in no amiable mood. He had drunk deeply, and soon fell into a heavy sleep from which he was awakened about midnight by most heartrending cries. He sat up and listened. The caoine rose to a dismal wail which made his blood run cold. His door was burst open and a flash of blue light filled his room—and then all was quiet. Summoning all his courage he sprang from his bed, hurried down the winding staircase, and as he approached the basement he saw something white disappear through the solid stone floor. Thoroughly unhinged, he returned to his room but not to bed.

"If this cussedness continues I'll throw up the whole business," he thought.

With morning light saner counsels prevailed, and he believed that the amount of spirits he had drunk the previous evening caused him to have a bad night-mare and nothing more.

During his breakfast the sergeant commanding his men asked for an immediate interview which was granted.

"Well, Sergeant! what's wrong?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, the men refuse to remain here any longer; they declare that spooks and hobgoblins frightened them out of their wits last night." The Major turned deadly pale, which the soldier immediately perceived, and so was emboldened to proceed.

"Unearthly cries were heard on all sides, lights appeared in the air——"

"Why didn't your men seize their arms and go where they saw the lights? It was some trickery of the Irishry."

"Our men did what you say, sir, but on their approach the shrieks and the lights were perceptible on the opposite side of the camp, and this 'Will o' the wisp' chase continued for hours."

"They were drunk, man."

This implied a reflection on the good sergeant who indignantly denied the accusation.

Major Krag, remembering his own nocturnal experience, and not conceiving it possible for two hundred men to be deceived, some of whom did not believe in either God or the devil, was inclined to credit the supernatural view. Still, for the sake of discipline, he should adopt a stern attitude.

"Look here, sergeant, those blackguards have been grousing you; tell them from me, that if I hear any more about this tomfoolery, I shall have every tenth man flogged and the rest of them put on short rations."

The sergeant saluted and withdrew. The gallant Major thought the matter out. He had often heard that the old Irish families were guarded by denizens of another world. What use would this castle be to him if it were subject to visitations like those of the previous night?

"I'd sell the whole concern for a hundred pounds," he exclaimed.

An orderly entered with a letter that had just come by hand. Breaking the seal, the Major found it was a courteous invitation from Sir Fergus MacVeagh.

"The very thing. I'll tell him about it, and ask his advice."

This resolve restored the Major to good humour.

(To be continued.)



Coir na Teine.

SÉ an céad fód a cuirimís ar an teine an mí seo ná d'an deap-
rimplíde ag molaíodh Driúge Naomta—Muir na nGaebeal.
Gaebeal gnoíde léigeannta a deim cion fíor ar son na Gaeilge—
Tomár Ó Flannghaile—do cum. Ag seo é:—

Gabam molta Driúge, ionmhuin i le héirinn,
ionmhuin leir na ciantaib—molaimís go léir i!
Lócrann geal na laigheac, ag poillriú fead na tíre
Ceann ar óigib éireann, ceann na mDán ar mine.

Ir iomda tobair ir teampall naomhar ainm Driúge,
Ir minic cluintear fíor ar cailíní ar dtíre,
Dia go dtugaidh dócair ar an bfeile móir seo,
Cum go bpaigimís gárta, ir flaitéar tall na
deorí rin.

Fé b'at Driúge go raib mo léigheoirí go léir, roir ós agus
aorta, i rít na bliana!

Fuairéar coir an lá fé deire de "Seitg i Meas na nAlp"—
na h-airtí áilne do rchíob Miceál Driúgnac (trócaire. Dé ar
a anam) nuair a bí fé ar lons pláinte i meas na pléibte úd i
gdein tar éir é féin do mairbú, beagnac, ag obair de ló ir
o'oidce ar son teanga na héireann. Uair na rmaointe agus
blarta an Gaeilge atá in ar leabhar ro. Cuimn an cup ríor
atá ann ar raogal agus ar tréite na ndaoine a bíonn—nó a
bíod—i meas na nAlp. Da ceart coir de beir dá léigean
ag gac éinne go bfuil eolar aige ar Gaeilge.

Éir le Miceál boct ag cup ríor ar tuitim na h-o'oidce i
meas na genoc:—"Leat an dorcadar ar an talam. Bí an
grian ar amairc ran Domhan Tiar. Scaip na poillre áilne a bí
ar na beannaib agus o'imtígeadair—mar imtígear an tuar
ceata, agus mar tréigear a data or comair ar rúl. Na háro-
chnuic a bí fá tuilltib poillre leat uair a cluig ó roin bíodair
annsin mar beaí fadaib móra ag faire ran dorcadar le cuim-
trát na h-o'oidce, agus a mullaib ároa ag rchíobad leir an aer.
Ní raib corann dá lagad ná fuaim dá laige le cloirteal. Bí
pneacáin beaga na nAlp ar a ruaimneair agus fé farsad. Ní
raib cor ag duilleadair na gcrann ná ag na géagaib ra scoill
—mar nac raib put ar aer ag réidead fé látair. 'Bí an raogal
ar fad uaigneac' trát ar fearar liom féin ar bárr an chnuic.

Mar seo a connaic fé an gealac:—"Connaicear an gealac ag
boirú aníor go mall réid de réir a céile go raib rí na rearam
go díreac, dar liom, ar mullaib áro-chnuic uaim roir. Suar
leiti gan gleo gan corann na meall móir bán i meas na
néall."

Ar deir Dé go raib o'anam anocht, a mteit a éiríde!

Muiris na Móna.



Literary Notes.

Padric Gregory's New Poems.*

By H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

THE Gaelic movement has undoubtedly borne a rich harvest of poetry, and poetry perhaps of a higher order and more truly Celtic than that of Young Ireland. Lionel Johnson, Irish in soul if not in blood, kindled to "the lightning glory of the Gael," Yeats's lyrical masterpieces are familiar to all who love song, and the magic spell of the Lake of Innisfail has awoken kindred echoes in Thomas MacDonagh, Patrick Pearse, McEntee, Plunkett and many more.

It is the poets who voice the soul of a nation, the politicians who corrupt it. Of the few Englishmen who in a measure have understood "the open secret of Ireland," and, understanding, have loved this Light of the West, you will find that many have been poets: Newman (it is in vain that the author of "The Dream of Gerontius" disclaims the title), Wilfrid Blunt, Belloc, Chesterton, Eric Shepperd, Theodore Maynard; while to mention hatred of Ireland is to evoke the politicians who squeak and gibber and strut their brief hour upon Imperial stages. Non ragionam di lor. Their "little systems have their day . . . and cease to be," the poets remain.

Mr. Padric Gregory is eminently national, and has compassed a notable success in reviving the historical ballad. In his new book the ballad predominates, though elegy and lyric are not wanting. The "Capture of the Cannon" and "The Bridge of Athlone" surely achieve a very high excellence. They have the ring and the tramp, the ardour and joyful valiance of the true martial poem (in this one might compare them with Newbolt's "Admirals All"); they march and charge and conquer, the former ending upon the grand refrain:

* IRELAND: A Song of Hope and Other Poems and Ballads. Talbot Press. 2/6 net.

"The Dutch crept down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And their flat tin boats to use as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon;
But their ranks we cleft, and their guns we left
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Piled powder and ball, tin boats and all,
And we blew the heap asunder."

The Ballad of '98 Heroes falls short, I think, of these and of its noble theme, short, too, of its fine opening stanza. Of the "Christmas Carols and Ballads," "Mary's Song to Jesus" is a very masterpiece, the greatest and loveliest thing in the book, with its haunting Rossetti-like, yet original, refrains:

"Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,
Why dost Thou sleep so long, my King?
Thou seemest dead—Thou liest so still!
Ah, yes! Thou dreamest we must part
(O gaunt stark Cross on Calvary's Hill!)
And so creep'st closer to my heart—
And sleep'st to the sad sleep-song I sing.
My Jesus, my Baby, my God, my King,
Oh, promise Thy mother Thou'lt ne'er forget
Of this night when Thy Face with her tears were wet."

To comment on such a treasure were needless. Rather would I congratulate the grace-gifted artist of this new gem for our Blessed Lady's coronal of song. Many and great things should be hoped from one who can thus write.

The inspiration of Thompson is clear in "To the Man God," and "The Birth Day." "The Cry of the Penitent," "Alia tentarda via Est," and "Ave et Salve" are signally beautiful, also the "Laments Englished from the Gaelic."

Space forbids us to quote the lyrics in detail, or the excellent "Old-world Ballads." All men of good will must echo the noble "Prayer to God the Father for the World at the End," in days when

the righteous are the thralls of Wrong
And hands that raised the chalice grasp the sword.

If I must play the captious critic at all, I would just mention a few faults which one would like to see eliminated, an occasional lapse of rhythm as in "A Ballad of '98 Heroes" and "The Art of Austin Dobson," one or two dubious words like "up-triced" in sacred poems, and a rare solecism such as "when Thou . . . began." Let me finish by quoting a noble passage from the title poem:

"And yet, O land beloved! the years have found thee
Sole sovereign still, in hearts of noble birth;
Meetly, O land revered! the years have crowned thee
A type eternal of true mother's worth."

FATHER ROBERT O'LOUGHRAN'S BOOK—"Cain's Rival," is going through another edition at Washbourne's, Paternoster Row, London. Post free 2/9. Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Fenton, and others, have written highly of it. It is enjoying large circulation in America and Canada.

(Several Reviews unavoidably held over.)

Cairn Builders.

What do they here then,

These, who arise
Out of the wild glen,
Into the waste gray skies—
Be these most distraught men,
Be they most wise?

With what unknown prayer

Climbs each alone,
Into the chill air,
Within his hands a stone—
What mysteries prepare,
What rites intone?

Rear they an altar high,

Build they a tomb?
They are passed, utterly,
Within the winds' vast womb;
Only the whaup's weird cry,
And salt sea-spume.

an pìlùin.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of
'The Cross.'

Conducted by FRANCIS.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.

IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

GREAT was the love of our own St. Brigid for the land of her birth and for everything that added to its glory—scholarship, charity, purity, hospitality. Great is her power to-day in the halls of Heaven, and we should not forget to pray unceasingly to her during this month of February that the present momentous year may bring forth peace to the world and happiness to Ireland, the land that has suffered and sacrificed so much. Send your prayers to St. Brigid night and morning during this month in which her Feast occurs and you may be sure she will hearken to the call of the land she loved so dearly and served so well.

On account of the Christmas holidays, which for many had not concluded at the time my correspondence had to be at MY POST BAG. the office, I did not expect a great pile of letters this month and was agreeably surprised when I saw the dimensions of the post bag. I am exceedingly grateful for all the Christmas and New Year greeting cards that came to me from every part of the country and which, for reasons already known to the members, could not be acknowledged in the January number. Miss B. M. O'Neill will hardly believe that the specially-designed Christmas card and touching verses posted by her on December 6th did not come into my hands until January 14th! Nevertheless it is quite true, and I trust

she has not been saying hard things about me for failing to acknowledge her thoughtfulness and kindness last month. In spite of my seeming rudeness Miss O'Neill has been kind enough to send me a sweet poem recording an incident in the life of Little Nellie of Holy God, the saintly child who died in Cork some years ago:—

BEAUTIFUL HOLY GOD.

"Beautiful Holy God!"

'Twas sung by an infant child;

"Beautiful Holy God!"

In accents sweet and mild.

To the pearly gates it soared

Demanding an entrance there,

And saints and angels sang

Those words in fervent prayer.

"Beautiful Holy God!"

The baby lisped each day:

"Beautiful Holy God!"

To Thee I must away."

So the breezes caught the prayer

And carried it far and wide,

'Till it reached the pearly gates

Where God dwells just inside.

"Beautiful Holy God!"

The little saint-child said;

"Beautiful Holy God!"

Come to my dying bed."

And then the bright soul fled

To rest by the God-head's seat,

He tenderly welcomed His Babe,

Leading her to His feet.

B. M. O'NEILL.

What has become of **Lilian M. Nally** this month? She has sent neither a lilt nor a letter. Has she gone to see "Finn Varra Maa" and been spirited away to the mystic woods of Fairyland? I trust she'll soon find some Peadar Ban to break the spell of enchantment and that she will be in our midst with a song of spring next month. Here are the recruits from Ballina whose names were crushed out last month:—Under **Captain Kitty Murphy**:—Nellie Melody, Nora Melody, Agnes Melody, Kitty Melody, Claire Ruddy, Mona Ruddy, Kathleen Caslin, Lily Caslin, Emily Caslin, Bluebell Rafter, Maura English, Sheila English, Frances English, Mary Claire Jones, Eileen Jones, Anne Reilly, Bridie Conway, Norrie Boland, Paddy Melody, Antony Melody, Tim Caslin, Joe Melody, Paddy Ruddy, Hugh Conway, Jack Ruddy, Sid Ruddy, Richard Mullen, Edward Rafter, Eamonn English, Jim English, Kevin English, Paddy Boland, Sylvester MacConn, Lena Sullivan, Nettie O'Dowd. Under **Captain Emily Caslin**:—Lizzie Harrison, Lena Harrison, Bridie Doherty, Annie Browne, Mary A. Morrison, Annie Calleary, Mary McNulty, Mary Melvin, Eileen Molloy, Florence Jordan, Chrissie Kennedy, Ita Lyons, Bertie McDonnell, Celia McDonnell, May Scott, Una Armstrong, Molly Moran, Mona Timlin,

Mary E. Howley, Mary E. Carney, Kathleen Carney, Katie Browne, Mary K. Timlin, Bridget Leonard, Kathleen Lennox, Brigid Melvin, Monica Devers, Celia Foley, Kathleen Foley, Gertie Battle, Bertie Broderick, Jimmie Howley, Paddy Molloy, James Clarke, Edward Clarke, Joe Ginty, Annie Clarke, May Clarke, Mary Loftus, Nano McConn, Mina MacConn, Kathleen MacConn. Under **Captain Christina Loftus**:—Jimmy Loftus, Billy Loftus, Frank Loftus, Maevie Loftus, Jim Browne, John J. Browne, Tony Browne, George Browne, Shawn MacCann, Willie MacCann, Edie MacCann. Their energetic and patriotic leader, **Rita Carlos**, writes me a long and very welcome letter this month again, in the course of which she says:—"Saint Brigid is my favourite saint, and when I think upon her numerous perfections I feel proud and glad that I can claim to be numbered among the children of the noble Gaelic race. May we—Blessed Gabriel's children—be always a credit to the honoured Patroness of Innisfail, living and working for Eire as she did, and when we turn our eyes longingly to the land above, may she guide our frail barque to a safe haven in Heaven!" Rita expresses her deep regret at the departure of Mary Rennie from the ranks of the active members, and pays a well-deserved tribute to her many good qualities of head and heart. A hearty welcome to a new member, **Eileen Kelly**, who comes to us from Harborne in England and who has been a constant reader of "**The Cross**" since it first appeared. I regret I have not space for her poetic tribute to Sheila. Another new member in the person of **Mary J. McGowan** comes from Co. Sligo, and I need hardly say she is welcome. She promises to be an active recruiter for us in her native district. Many thanks to **Margaret, Rita**, and **Joseph Keogh** for their friendly greetings and good wishes and for the three lines at the end of their letter. One of the nicest cards of greeting I received came from **Kathleen Donnelly**, of Armagh, who never forgets **Francis**. **Lizzie Malone** is another of my ever-faithful friends, and I was well pleased with her letter of greeting and appreciation. **Michael T. Casey** is a new member from Drogheda and the only representative of that war-like community that has put in an appearance this month. He writes:—"I have seen Miss O'Neill's impassioned appeal to the Droghedians which fired even my sluggish blood and left me determined to have a dash for the laurels against all comers." We welcome Michael for the sake of the town we have all learned to honour, as well as for his own sake. **Nellie Dunne** takes me to task for the misleading character of last month's Guild. "In your replies to the members," she writes, "you told them to have their letters in by the 14th, but at the end of the Guild, where the February competitions were announced, you said the letters must be in by the 12th." I am not responsible for the alteration in the date from the 14th to the 12th: that was done by the Editor after the Guild pages had left my hands. Complaints have come from several other members also, and I fully recognise how difficult it is for them to have their competition papers written in time if "**The Cross**" is not published at latest on the 1st day of the month. **Eibhlís Seoighe** writes enthusiastically about "Finn Varra Maa," the Irish fairy pantomime, written by an Irishman and played in Dublin this Christmas by Irish artistes, seventy of whom were Dublin school-children. Eibhlís will be glad to hear that **Francis** has seen "Finn Varra Maa" and enjoyed it as much as any child in the audience. It was an Irish triumph, and I wish every child in the land could have seen it. Many thanks to **Aingeal Seoighe** for her nice letter and to **Grainne** for her New Year's message.

(1.) All newcomers will please write a personal note to **Francis**, apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2.) Always put your name and address on your Competition Paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3.) **Orders for (copies of "The Cross" and all business letters should be sent to THE MANAGER.**

1. The prize for the best short essay on "The Mary of the Gael" is awarded to **Rita Carlos**, Convent Terrace, Ballina, Co. Mayo. Very good essays were sent by Nellie Dunne, Joseph Kelly, Maureen McNally, Brigid Murphy, Peter Phelan, Nora Burke, and Michael T. Casey, but the latter's essay was on the Blessed Virgin instead of St. Brigid, "The Mary of the Gael."

2. The prize for the best "Legend of St. Brigid" is awarded to **Maggie Dowling**, St. Brigid's Convent School, Mountrath, Queen's Co.

MARCH COMPETITIONS.

I.—For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best short essay on "Two Great Saints or March."

II.—For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best "Legend of St. Patrick."

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the **unaided** work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on **one side only** of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the office not later than by the **first post on February 12th**. All letters to be addressed:—**FRANCIS, c/o "The Cross," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.**

PRIZE ESSAY.

"THE MARY OF THE GAEL."

Many golden days tinged with sadness and gilded with glory have flown away since Saint Brigid carried on her noble work in our beautiful Western Isle, but ever since our well-loved Patroness founded her convent beneath the shadow of the mighty oak at Kildare, she has always been the guiding-star of all Dark Rosaleen's children—rejoicing with them in the flashing sunburst of victory, consoling them in the dark night of utter desolation and gloom. The sanctity and purity of her long life have the same haunting charm for the Gaelic race of to-day, who love and revere her memory, as they had for our favoured ancestors amongst whom she lived and died. Not unfittingly has she been chosen as the model of every virtue for the glorious people of Innisfail; not unfittingly has that race honoured her with the proudest and highest title that could be conferred upon her—"The Mary of the Gael."

Saint Brigid was of noble lineage—descended on her father's side from Conn of the Hundred Battles, and on her mother's from the royal house of the O'Connors. She was born at Faughart, near Dundalk, while her mother was visiting some friends, but the exact date of her birth is enshrouded in uncertainty. Her beautiful name signifies "strength" or "virtue," and was peculiarly appropriate for a child destined to be such an illustrious luminary in the annals of the Church in Erin.

From her childhood "The Mary of the Gael" showed signs of her future holiness. She possessed the most endearing of our Celtic characteristics, but was especially distinguished for her generosity. In cottage, in rath, in dun, fair roses of her charity blossomed, setting a grand example to Eire's daughters, which all might emulate with profit.

St. Brigid accomplished wonderful work for the land of her birth—founding churches, convents and schools, working unceasingly for the poor, converting sinners, showing by example rather than precept "the nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil," and leaving behind her a legacy of virtues and perfections which the girls of our island home claim as their Irish heritage. Her name is commemorated in many places throughout our land—Kilbride, Kilbreedy, Bridewell (near Athlone), and many others. She aided Saint Patrick in his work, and Saint Columcille had great affection and respect for her, for in a hymn to her he says:—

"After Patrick she comes first,
The pillar of the land."

After a life of prayer and good works, Saint Brigid died when she was about seventy years. As in the case of her birth, the year of her death is uncertain, but this mournful event occurred between 531 and 539, on the first of February. She was deeply regretted by her people, who felt her loss acutely. She was first interred in her own church at Kildare, but now she occupies a triple grave, with Patrick and Columcille on either side of her. This famous grave is visited often by those who can do so, and arouses a powerful, heavenly train of thought in the fruitful Irish mind. It occupies a cool sequestered spot in Downpatrick, just such a place as our "Mary of the Gael" would love to repose in, for

"A clear pure air pervades the scene
In loneliness and awe secure—
Meet spot to sepulchre a queen,
Who in her life was pure."

RITA CARLOS.



Passionist Chronicle.

Mount Argus—St. Paul's.—On 21st December the session of the Irish class, which began on 5th October, was brought to a close with an examination. A very successful session it was. There were more than 100 pupils in the class, and great credit is due for their progress to their excellent teacher, Maire Ni Cheinnede, M.A. A good many of them did not know a word of Gaelic three months ago, and now most of them are able to converse without difficulty on the simple things of every-day life. At the examination held on the above date Mrs. Kent acted as adjudicator and the following were the results. In the first division (pupils under 12 years of age), Agnes Davis won the prize, and Nora Bolton received a special prize. In the second division (pupils under 16), the prize was divided between Florrie Davis and Joseph MacEneny. In the third division (pupils under 21), the prize went to Maire Hodgins. In the fourth division (pupils above 21), Mrs. O'Sullivan won the prize.

Classes were resumed on 1st January and are held on the Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 7 and 8 for elementary and advanced students respectively. The teacher herself very kindly provided the prizes.

Rev. Father Ignatius, C.P., will deliver a lecture on "Our Irish Heroines" at 3 p.m. on 27th January in St. Mary's Hall, Berry St., Belfast. The proceeds will be devoted to the work of the Sisters of Nazareth, Ravenhill Road, Belfast.

* * * * *

Sutton.—St. Anne's.—Our gratitude is due to the members of the Young Men's Society for the successful whist drive which they organised in aid of the church fund and which proved a great success. The Society has sustained a great loss by the death of Sergeant John Hand, one of its most esteemed members, at the front. The late Mr. Hand was at home on leave recently, and since his return to active service had been commended for conspicuous bravery and received the Military Medal.

Harborne.—St. Mary's.—Archbishop McIntyre paid a visit to St. Mary's on 16th January and was received by Very Rev. Father Antoninus, C.P., Rector and Community. His Grace afterwards proceeded to St. Joseph's Home, Queen's Park, which is under the care of the Sisters of the Poor, where he was accorded an enthusiastic greeting from the 200 aged inmates of that institution. A throne was erected in the large recreation hall and an address of welcome presented to the Archbishop, who expressed his appreciation and said he would gladly repeat his visit whenever his engagements might permit.

The 63rd Annual Catholic Reunion took place in Birmingham Town Hall on 14th January. Archbishop McIntyre delivered a brilliant address to the vast assembly. Very Rev. Father Egwin, C.P., and Very Rev. Father Antoninus, C.P., attended.

* * * * *

Belfast.—Holy Cross.—Rev. Father Herbert, C.P., recently conducted a Retreat at the Convent of Mercy, Downpatrick. The annual social of the Sodality of Children of Mary and churchworkers, held in Ardoyne Hall, was a decided success.

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Carmarthen.—St. Mary's.—Wales is truly a land of song, its people are intense lovers of music, as they are of their native tongue, and the proficiency of its choirs naturally attracts the admiration of all visitors to the principality. National poetry and music are fostered by the Eistedfod, and so the Welsh must be acknowledged as capable critics in the domain of music. Hence it required no little nerve on the part of the children of St. Mary's Schools to make a public appearance, for the first time, in the Carmarthen Assembly Rooms on 20th December in a play and concert, and thus to face the criticism of such a discerning audience as is

to be found in this county town. We are happy to state that their efforts exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and the painstaking efforts of their teachers, Sisters Pierre and Thérèse and Miss Murphy, rewarded by a glorious success. The hall was crowded, and the audience delighted with the enjoyable entertainment provided. Miss Cooke presided at the piano, and the violin and 'cello playing of Mr. and Miss Evans and Mr. Harold Brookes proved a special attraction. The children's histrionic and musical accomplishments have been so much appreciated that, in order to satisfy a generally expressed request, a second concert will be given.

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Enniskillen.—Blessed Gabriel's Retreat.—Special preparations are being made for the celebration on 27th February of the Feast of Blessed Gabriel, to whom this Church and Retreat are dedicated. The novices particularly take a deep interest in the feast of the holy Passionist student whom they take as their model and whose intercession they invoke. A Novena of Masses, commencing on 19th Febru-

ary and terminating on the Feast itself, will be offered for the clients of Blessed Gabriel who send in their names to the Rector not later than 18th February.

* * * * *

Glasgow.—St. Mungo's.—St. Paul's Hall, attached to St. Mungo's, has been the scene of several social events during the Scottish New Year holidays. The hall itself had been renovated and decorated with splendid taste by Messrs. M. Paul and Sons, of Paisley Road. The festivities were inaugurated by the Men's League of the Cross social on New Year's night, when a company of 250 assembled, and an enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Harry Osborne brought a capable band of musicians, and Miss K. McAree and her assistants who had charge of the catering department, deserve special thanks. As guests of Very Rev. Father Alban, C.P., the collectors and members of the choir, numbering 130, had a pleasant re-union on 3rd January, and the week's entertainment concluded on 4th January with a social given by the Women's League of the Cross.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND NOTICES.

We have received £2 3s. 4d. per "Francis" from St. Bonaventure's College, Newfoundland, towards the expenses of the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel, and 2/6 from Rev. T. J. Whitty and 2/6 from A Client (Dublin) for the expenses of the cause of Gemma Galgani.

The above donations, for which we are sincerely grateful, will be forwarded to the Postulators at Rome.

Contributions towards the expenses of the cause of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani, and favours received through their intercession, will be acknowledged in these pages.

TO OUR PROMOTERS.—In answer to inquiries made from time to time we think it well to let supporters of this magazine know that all our supporters and promoters participate in the benefit of four hundred and thirty-four Masses, specially offered every year for benefactors by the Fathers of this Province, as well as in the prayers, penances and good works performed daily by all the members of the Congregation of the Passion.

Those who are desirous of becoming promoters of "The Cross" are requested to write to the Manager.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers to "The Cross" who have not already sent their subscriptions for 1918 are requested to forward them as soon as possible to The Manager, St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

"Come my best friends, my books, and lead me on."—COWLEY.

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